

He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth
certaine Papers. *How Vnto the Prince.*
Prince. What hast thou found?
Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.
Prince. Let's see, what be they? reade them.
Peto. Item, a Capon. ii. s. iii. d.
Item, Sawce. i. li. d. iii. d.
Item, Sacke, two Gallons. i. li. d. vi. s. viii. d.
Item, Anchoues and Sacke after Supper. i. li. s. vi. d.
Item, Bread. ob.

Prince. O monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke? What there is else, keepe close, wee'll reade it at more aduantage: there let him sleepe till day. Ile to the Court in the Morning: Wee must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be honorable. Ile procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelve-score. The Money shall be pay'd backe againe with aduantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good morrow Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hotspurre, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. These promises are faire, the parties sure, And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hotsp. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower, Will you sit downe?

And Vnckle Worcester; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Mappe.

Glend. No, here it is:

Sit Cousin Percy; sit good Cousin Hotspurre:

For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you, His Cheekes looke pale, and with a rising sigh,

He wisheth you in Heauen.

Hotsp. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Natiuitie,

The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,

Of burning Cressets: and at my Birth,

The frame and foundation of the Earth

Shak'd like a Coward.

Hotsp. Why so it would haue done at the same season,

If your Mothers Car had but kitten'd, though your selfe had neuer bene borne.

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hotsp. And I say the Earth was not of my minde,

If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glend. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hotsp. Oh, then the Earth shooke

To see the Heauens on fire,

And not in feare of your Natiuitie.

Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth

In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth

Is with a kinde of Collick pincht and vext,

By the imprisoning of vniuersally Witde

Within her Wombe: which for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe

Steeple, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth,

Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperance,

In passion shooke, I doe not beare these Crossings: Giue me leaue

To tell you once againe, that at my Birth

The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,

The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heards

Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields:

These signes haue markt me extraordinary;

And all the courses of my Life doe shew,

I am not in the Roll of common men.

Where is the Liuing, clipt in with the Sea,

That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,

Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?

And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne,

Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,

And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hotsp. I thinke there's no man speaks better Welsh:

Ile to Dinner.

Mort. Peace Cousin Percy, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vastie Deepe.

Hotsp. Why to can I, or so can any man:

But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the

Deuill.

Hotsp. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Deuill,

By telling truth: Tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

If thou haue power to rayse him, bring him hither,

And Ile be sworn, I haue power to shame him hence.

Oh, while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable

Chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head

Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye,

And sandy-bottom'd Seuerne, haue I hent him

Bootlesse home, and Weather-beaten backe,

Hotsp. Home without Bootes,

And in foule Weather too,

How seapes he Agues in the Deuils name?

Glend. Come, here's the Mappe:

Shall wee diuide our Right,

According to our three-fold order ta'en?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it

Into three Limits, very equally:

England, from Trent, and Seuerne, hitherto,

By South and East, is to my part assign'd:

All Westward, Wales, beyond the Seuerne shore,

And all the fertile Land within that bound,

To Owen Glendower: And deare Couze, to you

The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,

And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:

Which being sealed enterchangeably,

(A Businesse that this Night may execute)

To morrow, Cousin Percy, you and I,

And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth,

To meete your Father, and the Scottish Power,

As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.

My Father Glendower is not readie yet,

Nor shall wee neede his helpe these foureteene dayes:

Within that space, you may haue drawne together

Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:

And in my Condukt shall your Ladies come,

From whom you now must steale, and take no leaue,

For there will be a World of Water shed,

Vpon

Vpon the parting of your Wiues and you.

Hotsp. Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here,

In quantitie equals not one of yours.

See, how this Riuer comes me cranking in,

And cuts me from the best of all my Land.

A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Cante out,

Ile haue the Currant in this place damnd vpy.

And here the smug and Silver Trent shall runne,

In a new Channell, faire and euently:

It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,

To rob me of so rich a Bottom here.

Glend. Nor winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but marke how he beares his course,

And runnes me vp, with like aduantage on the other side,

Gelding the oppos'd Continent as much,

As on the other side it takes from you.

Worc. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here,

And on this North side, winne this Cape of Land,

And then he runnes straight and euently.

Hotsp. Ile haue it, for a little Charge will doe it.

Glend. Ile not haue it alter'd.

Hotsp. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hotsp. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hotsp. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in

Welsh.

Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you:

For I was traynd vp in the English Court:

Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe

Many an English Dittie, lovely well,

And gaue the Tongue a helpfull Ornament;

A Vertue that was neuer seene in you.

Hotsp. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,

I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,

Then one of these same Meeter Ballad-mongers:

I had rather heare a Brazen Candlestick turn'd,

Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle-tree,

And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,

Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie;

'Tis like the fore't gate of a shuffling Nagge.

Glend. Come, you shall haue Trent turn'd.

Hotsp. I doe not care: Ile giue thrice so much Land

To any well-deferring friend;

But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me,

Ile caull on the ninth part of a hayre.

Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone?

Glend. The Moone shines faire,

You may away by Night:

Ile haue the Writer; and withall,

Breake with your Wiues, of your departure hence:

I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde,

So much she doeth on her Mortimer.

Exit.

Mort. Fie, Cousin Percy, how you crosse my Pa-

ther.

Hotsp. I cannot chuse: sometime he angers me,

With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,

Of the Dreamer Merlin, and his Prophecies;

And of a Dragon, and a fiue-lesse Fish,

A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulted Raven,

A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,

And such a deale of skumble-skamble Stuffe,

As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,

He held me last Night, at least nine howres,

In reckning vp the seuerall Deuils Names,

That were his Lacqueyes.

I cry'd ham, and well, goe too,

But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious

As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,

Worse then a smokie House, I had rather liue

With Cheese and Garlick in a Windmill farre,

Then feede on Cates, and haue him talke to me,

In any Summer-House in Christendome.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,

Exceeding well read, and profited,

In strange Concealements:

Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable,

And as bountifull, as Mynes of India.

Shall I tell you, Cousin,

He holds your temper in a high respect,

And curbes himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,

When you doe crosse his humor: faith he does.

I warrant you, that man is not alioe,

Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,

Without the taste of danger, and reproofe.

But doe not vse it oft, let me entreat you.

Worc. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,

And since your coming hither, haue done enough,

To put him quite besides his patience.

You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault:

Though sometimes it shew Greatnesse, Courage, Blood,

And that's the dearest grace it renders you;

Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage,

Defect of Manners, want of Government,

Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Disdaine:

The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,

Lofteth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a stayne

Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,

Begunling them of commendation.

Hotsp. Well, I am school'd:

Good-manners be your speede;

Heere come your Wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight, that angers me,

My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My Daughter weepes, shee'll not part with you,

Shee'll be a Souldier too, shee'll to the Warres.

Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt Percy

Shall follow in your Condukt speedily.

Glendower speakes to her in Welsh, and she an-

swers him in the same.

Glend. Shee is desperate heere:

A peeuish selfe-will'd Harlotry,

One that no perswasion can doe good vpon.

The Lady speakes in Welsh.

Mort. I vnderstand thy Lookes: that pretty Welsh

Which thou pow'st down from these swelling Heauens,

I am too perfect in: and but for shame,

In such a parley should I answer thee.

The Lady againe in Welsh.

Mort. I vnderstand thy Kisses, and thou mine,

And that's a feeling disputation:

But I will neuer be a Truant, Loue,

Till I haue learn'd thy Language: for thy tongue

Makes